



**SIMPLY** do the best you know, then trust. He who seeks to live by the Spirit and who cares above all for that, will not be without guidance.

## MISS SELINA LUE

### MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES

(Continued from last week.)

Miss Selina Lue, generous and tender of heart, keeps the grocery at River Bluff. She feeds the five babies whom she cares for in soap boxes, in the rear of the store. Her friend, Cynthia Page, learns that she has taken a young artist, named Alan Kent, to board. They are introduced and Cynthia is annoyed at the young man's apparent assumption of instant friendliness, and leaves abruptly. Cynthia alone with Miss Kent's pictures. Kent tells Miss Selina of her love for Cynthia and is partly overheard by Cynthia. Miss Selina gives a party to all her friends for Kent and Cynthia's friend from the city is one of the guests. Cynthia now loves Kent.

AS Miss Selina Lue softly drew the shutters together to keep out the light, Miss Cynthia followed in the wake of Mr. Alan and the bucket of bran through the garden and up to the barn. It is to his credit that he served the aggrieved though complacent old lady before he threw down the bucket and drew Miss Cynthia to him.

"Tell me," he questioned, "when it happened to you? It was all over for me that first minute when I saw you, past Carrots' red head, standing in the grocery door."

"That dinner—you didn't laugh!" Miss Cynthia hid her head on his convenient shoulder.

"Ah, but I loved you so I could have—"

"Then?"

"Yes, then—and before—since the world was young—"

"Moo—moo," said Charity patently for dry bran is not an agreeable breakfast, and the water barrel stood convenient.

"Do finish feeding the dear thing," insisted Miss Cynthia sympathetically. "Then you can walk up the Hill with me. I want to freshen up a little and come right back to watch by Blossom. She will need very particular care to-day, and Miss Selina Lue has so much she must do. Oh, what if she hadn't weathered the night. I think my heart would have broken watching her struggle—if you hadn't been there! Will you always be there—when things hurt—me?"

"Yes," he answered her quietly, with a deep look into her eyes. "Now let me take you home, for you are hardly able to stand. Promise me to get a good rest, and I will help Miss Selina Lue, until you can come back."

And through the early sunlight he walked up the river path with her to the Hill Mansion and left her at the garden gate among her roses that were no fresher or fairer than herself. She was the incarnation of dawn, and his love encompassed her as the fragrance of her dew-dew flowers.

Below at the grocery, Miss Selina Lue was busy with her preparations for the day, and as she waked she smiled to herself and lightly brushed her fingers over the cheek that had felt the twofold kiss.

Soon, however, her pleasant thoughts were interrupted by the apparition of Mrs. Kinney at the door. Miss Selina Lue regarded her with astonishment. She was enveloped in the folds of an old black shawl and in her hand she carried a large cross

of white tissue-paper roses. She pressed on her face was one of sympathy and chastened sorrow.

"Miss Selina Lue," she said in a correctly funeral voice, "I come over as soon as I could. It took almost all night to get roses enough made



**Their Last Friendly Visit. His Hour is Come. He Does Not Offer Thanks.**

to fix a design for everybody. We all wanted a fitten expression of our sympathy."

"Why, Miss Kinney, honey, I don't need no sympathy on 'count of—"

"Well, of course, she wasn't your own child, and so you can't feel the same as a mother; but a death in the family is always sad, though sometimes a great relief. You seemed so fond of—"

"Oh, Miss Kinney, honey, stop before you go any farther and let me tell you Blossom ain't dead, but getting well by the Lord's mercy. Still, I do thank you fer your kind feelings

and—"

"Well, I wish I coulder knowed she wasn't a-going to die before I set up all night and wasted the tissue. There come the Dobbess now! now! Won't they be surprised! Mary Ellen have got her vrength done, but it looks kinder wobbly."

Mr. Dobbess had put his Black Sunday coat on over his overalls, and on his way to work was stopping for a visit of condolence. Mrs. Dobbess had on a black muslin skirt and waist and had tied a piece of that same material on the arm of Bennie, whose eyes were swollen with crying and whose appearance denoted real heart anguish.

"Oh, Miss Selina Lue, me and Dobbess come to say—we— Speak up, Dobbess!" Mrs. Dobbess's voice broke and her chubby face began to work with grief.

"All you've got to say, Mr. Dobbess, is how glad you are that my baby is getting well, and then give your coat to Mary Ellen and go on to your work, rejoicing for me," said Miss Selina Lue, coming quickly to the rescue of the floundering condoler. "How did you all ever get the notion that things went against Blossom last night?" she asked.

"We seen the doctor—and then you closed the front blinds—that's always a sign—and—" answered Mrs. Dobbess, swallowing a sob.

"Well, ain't that too bad fer you all to be so upset about a mistake! And if here ain't all the Tyneskes! nor like's of us, and please, ma'am, take them Black bombazine strips off the children necks. It's so rough it'll rub 'em raw."

by a squint caused by the rays of the morning sun striking her full in the face.

"That's a real comforting thought, Miss Tyne, and I am thankful for the speech and the star too. Bennie,

### Thanksgiving

But for wealth of garnered harvest,

Fruit of field and bending bough;

Bursting bin, and well-filled cellar,

Father, we would thank Thee now.

Hand clasp hand in truest kindness,

Heart meets heart with inward glow;

For the gift of earthly friendships,

Father, we would thank Thee now.

honey, run all up and down the street and tell everybody Blossom is a heap better and they needn't git ready fer

"Now, you know there ain't been a death on the Bluff for forty years, since Mr. Si Bradford's ma died, and we was preparing to have as nice a funeral as ever was fer you, Miss Selina Lue," said Mrs. Kinney in a tone that might have been construed as reproachful.

"Well, I waster say one thing; and it's that I am glad me and Blossom have found how many friends we have while we are still alive and can 'preciate them all. It never did seem jest right to hold back all the flowers and tears and white robes until people are gone where they can't enjoy them none. And specially about funeral sermons—looks like if the corpses could hear all the praise spoke over to go on living a spell longer. Lands alive, did you know it's seven o'clock, and not a breakfast dish washed on the Bluff?"

Miss Selina Lue's call to duty sent them all hurrying in different directions.

Mrs. Dobbess was slow in getting started, and as she descended the steps she said: "I do declare I am uneasy about Ethel Maud. I couldn't find her nowhere this morning. I was jest so sorrowful about your trouble I clean forgot to worry."

"Oh, Miss Dobbess, honey, when I opened the door this morning at day-break there was Ethel Maud scrouched down on the steps with nothing on but her nightgown, and a-moaning like something hurt. She shot past Blossom so much better she jest laid down on the floor and cried herself to sleep plumb pitiful. Mr. Alan lifted her on the foot of the bed, and I know if Blossom stirs she will wake up and call me. Her little heart is that loving she can watch me while she sleeps. I feel this morning more in loving kindness than never sleeps and He ain't ever going so forgit a single one of us. Ain't it a blessed thought, and perfecting and comforting in times of trouble?"

"That's true, Miss Selina Lue," answered Mrs. Dobbess thoughtfully. "And we all oughter be mighty happy with so much good being done to us. 'And ain't we? Why, I jest button my bread of life with happiness. They bread dry, but you and me want a little sprig of happy-sugar a-top of our'n. How's Mr. Dobbess a-holding out?"

"He ain't cursed a word since our grip, Miss Selina Lue. Sometimes I sees him jest a-chawing the swears

"Don't notice it, Mary Ellen. Jest hold to the thought that he ain't a-going ter do it no more, and that'll help."

(Continued next week.)

Have you forgotten to renew your subscription to Farm and Dairy?

"About life view to wife and have the best as mere dream important econo

This photo Farm and Dairy's Best Prize

as it is to crease the outside the

"I have with any excusing me performance tion only of The woman housewife, tible creat

"But the even more fare of the real zed her strong tiny of the and consid should reco to this he shirks age American them, and est obligati are perform make for he the childr world."—T dress to Fa

Buy Farm

**DOES A  
JULY  
Six Minute**

Ladies! Just with my 1900 Gravity just like it. It doo they from heavy Every housewife ad a shave T. E. BACHMAN Co. 383 Yong for their beauti crous offer of a R. H. Frederic The offer is a ureal, Winnie ureals, as we ha places. Special made in the c

